MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

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A.E.F. COMMANDOS

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HUMAN TORCH
BLASTS AT TRAINS, CITIES, HELPLESS PEOPLE!
... AND THEN -----
HUMAN TORCH STRIKES BACK!

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO AND THEIR AIR RAID WARDENS' DUTIES...
WELL, MR. MESSENGER! THAT WINDS UP OUR LAST TOUR OF DUTY BRAVO! VACATION!
YES, HIGH AND MIGHTY SENIOR WARDEN! AND SAID VACATION STARTS TOMORROW! (I HOPE!!!)
THE NEXT AFTERNOON, ON A TRAIN BOUND FOR CANADA...
LOOK, TORCH! THEY'VE EVEN GOT AIR RAID SIRENS IN TRAINS!
YOU BET, MY LITTLE FIRE-EATER! WE'RE AT WAR, YOU KNOW!
AIR RAID NOTICE
THERE'S A STRONG CHANCE OF ENEMY AIR ATTACKS THIS SUMMER —WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!
LATER, WHILE THE TRAIN STREAMS THROUGH THE NIGHT, MYSTERIOUS FLAMES ROAR OVERHEAD....
READY, VON BELCH?
THIS IS THE EXPRESS, ALL RIGHT! — READY!
YA! DER TRAIN ISS BELOW! DROP DER BOMBS!
Suddenly...
WE'RE BEING BOMBED!
I HEAR PLANES!
DOUSE DE LIGHTS!
HELP!
LIGHTS OUT!
BE CALM, EVERYBODY!
IT'S BOMBS ALL RIGHT!

CRASHING THROUGH ONE OF THE WINDOWS, TORCH FLAMES UP!..
YOU STAY HERE AND TRY TO PREVENT PANIC, TORCH! I'M GONNA SEE WHAT'S UP!
RIGHT, TORCH!
... JUST AS A STICK OF BOMBS BLASTS THE TRACKS AHEAD!
THEY'VE BLOWN UP THE RAILS... WE'LL GO OFF THE TRACKS INTO THE RAVINE!
SLAP ON THE EMERGENCY BRAKES BEFORE WE ALL GET KILLED!
BUT THE MIGHTY FLAMING FIGHTER FLASHES THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT!
I'VE GOT TO SAVE THOSE PASSENGERS!
EIEEEE! THERE SHE GOES
BOOM!
JUMP BEFORE SHE GETS WRECKED INTO THE DITCH!
KERRUNCH!
HE SWIFTLY BURNS THROUGH THE IRON COUPLING AS THE LOCOMOTIVE LEAVES THE TRACK.
THIS'LL STOP THE PASSENGER COACHES FROM DERAILING
VON BELOW SEES THE AMAZING TRICK JUST PERFORMED BY TORCH!
IT'S DER HUMAN TORCH! HE'S SEPARATED DER LOCOMOTIVE FROM DER CARS TO SAVE DER PASSENGERS! BAH!
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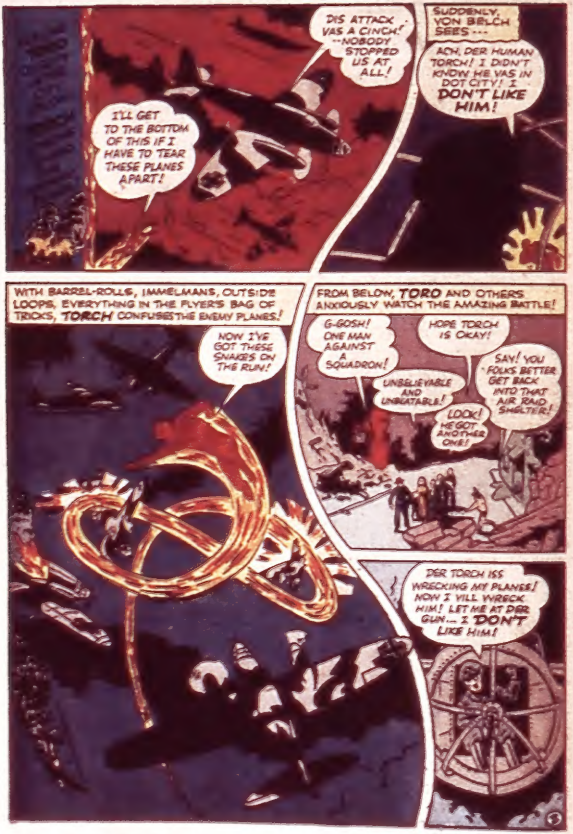
ANGERED, VON BELCH GIVES A SHARP COMMAND ...
FORMATION DIVE!
THE BOMBERS! THEY'RE COMING DOWN! -- FAST! THIS WAY!
DESPERATELY LOOKING FOR WEAPONS, TORCH RUNS TO THE COAL TENDER...
NICE, RED-HOT COALS! I'VE AN IDEA THESE MIGHT STOP 'EM!
...AND TORCH HURLS THE BURNING COALS, JUST AS TORO RUSHES UP!
THIS'LL KEEP YOUR TOOTSIES WARM! PUNKS!
I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, TORCH!
SOME COALS CRASH INTO VON BELCH'S FLEXI-GLASS WINDOWS!
ACH! DOT HUMAN TORCH ISS SPOILING OUR AIM!
UH--I CAN'T SEE!
GIFF DER SIGNAL! VE MUST RETREAT!

AS VON BELOW'S SQUADRON FLIES AWAY, THEY EMPTY THEIR BOMB RACKS, LEAVING TORCH AND TORO PUZZLED ABOUT THE ATTACK!
"DIVE BOMBERS! BUT WHERE IN THE WORLD DID THEY COME FROM!"
LOOK, TORCH! A BOMB -- AND IT'S STILL SMOLDERING! MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME DOPE FROM IT!
TORCH PICKS UP THE BURNING BOMB TO EXAMINE... BUT...
"YOW! THIS THING'S HOTTER'N ANYTHING I EVER TOUCHED!
IT SHOULD BE HOT STUFF -- IT'S AN INCENDIARY!
WITH A LIGHTNING MOTION, TORCH HURLS IT HIGH!
THIS OUGHTA RIP ITS FLANKS OFF... THEN I CAN READ ITS MARKINGS WHEN IT COOLS!
WHEN IT DROPS THEY TURN OFF THEIR FLAMES AND THROW SAND ON IT...
SOME 'CANNED HEAT,' EH, TORCH!
GOSH! THAT BOMB'S FILLED WITH THERMITE! NO WONDER IT'S SO HOT!
FLUTTERIN' FIREFLIES! IT'S A NAZI-TYPE BOMB-CASE -- BUT THE ALUMINUM IN THE THERMITE IS SO PURE I'M SURE IT COMES FROM SOME PLACE IN AMERICA!
THE NEXT EVENING (SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVING IN THE CANADIAN CITY) TORCH IS INTERVIEWED AT HIS HOTEL.
I TELL YOU THOSE BOMBING PLANES DID NOT COME FROM ABROAD!
THOSE PLANES DON'T HAVE THE FLYING RANGE OF OUR FORTRESS BOMBERS!
IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD THEY HAVE AN AIR BASE ON THIS CONTINENT?
SUDDENLY!

AS THE PIERCING WAIL OF THE AIR WARNING SIREN IS HEARD, OUR TWO WARDENS GO INTO ACTION!
QUICK! TO THE AIR RAID SHELTER, ALL OF YOU!
I'LL GO AND CLEAR THE STREETS, TORO!
WOW! THIS IS A REAL AIR RAID! -- AND TORCH KNOWS HIS STUFF!
I CAN HEAR THE PLANES ALREADY! LET'S DUCK WITH TORO!
IT MUST BE THE SAME PLANES THAT ATTACKED THE TRAIN! THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET AWAY SO EASILY!!!
SURE ENOUGH, VON BELCH AND HIS MYSTERY PLANES HAVE RETURNED!
THROW DOWN THESE LEAFLETS AHEAD OF THE BOMBS, SO THE STUPID PEOPLE WILL KNOW THAT I, VON BELCH, AM THE ONE WHO IS DESTROYING THEM!
YA! HERR VON BELCH!
VE BOMB DER CITY FROM END TO END! NOBODY YILL EFFER FIND OUT VERE VE COME FROM! HA! NOW!
THE CANADIAN CITY IS MERCILESSLY BOMBED IN THE SURPRISE ATTACK! -- CAUGHT WITHOUT DEFENSE!
WHERE ARE THE FAMOUS R.A.F. PLANES?... ONCE MORE OVER THE TARGET!
HA-HA! VOT SPORT!

THOSE BOMBS BURST THAT WATER MAIN, TORCH!
WE'LL FIX IT FAST, TORO! -SO THE FIREMEN CAN HAVE WATER PRESSURE!
LIKE TWO FIERY COMETS, TORCH AND TORO RUSH INTO THE BLAZING INFERNO OF THE STRICKEN CITY....
MY HOT FLAME WILL WELD IT! THERE!
RUSHING HERE AND THERE, THEY PERFORM MIRACLES OF ASSISTANCE.....
TAKE THE CHIMNEY AWAY BEFORE IT TOPPLES, TORCH! THAT'LL AVOID LATER LOSS OF LIFE!
A FLAMING GAS MAIN IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE!
FIZZING FIRE-BALLS! ...JUST IN TIME!
HURRY! I SMELL GAS!
TORCH SUBDUES THE FIRE!
WOOSH
THEY'RE STILL BOMBING THE CITY AND KILLING PEOPLE! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
WELL - YA CAN'T GO UP THERE AND FIGHT 'EM, HOT SHOT!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I CAN DO! ...AND I'M GONNA DO! YOU STAY HERE, TORO!
OKAY, TORCH! IF YOU SAY SO! BUT YOU'LL BE LONESOME!


DIS ATTACK VAS A CINCH! --NOBODY STOPPED US AT ALL!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS IF I HAVE TO TEAR THESE PLANES APART!
SUDDENLY VON BRUCH SEES ...
AOH, DER HUMAN TORCH! I DIDN'T KNOW HE VAS IN DOT CITY! I DON'T LIKE HIM!
WITH BARREL-ROLLS, IMMELMANS, OUTSIDE LOOPS, EVERYTHING IN THE FLYER'S BAG OF TRICKS, TORCH CONFUSES THE ENEMY PLANES!
NOW I'VE GOT THESE SNARES ON THE RUN!
FROM BELOW, TORO AND OTHERS ANXIOUSLY WATCH THE AMAZING BATTLE!
G-GOSH! ONE MAN AGAINST SQUADRON!
HOPE TORCH IS OKAY!
UNBELIEVABLE AND UNBEATABLE!
SAY! YOU FOLKS BETTER GET BACK INTO THAT AIR RAID SHELTER!
LOOK! HE GOT ANOTHER ONE!
DER TORCH ISS WRECKING MY PLANES! NOW I VILL WRECK HIM! LET HE AT DER GUN... I DON'T LIKE HIM!
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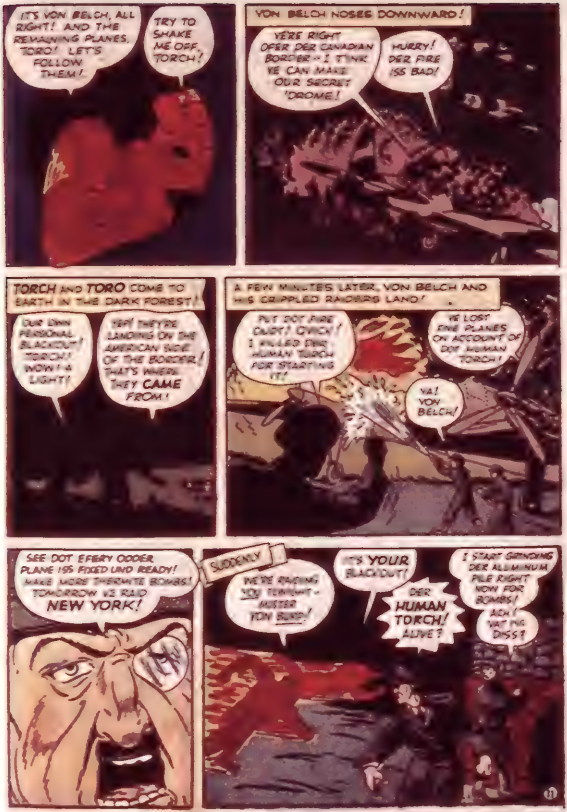
VON BELCH POINTS HIS PLANE DIRECTLY AT THE HUMAN TORCH!-- ALL GUNS FIRING!--
DIS VILL BE HIS END! OR MINE!
I DIE FOR DER VATERLAND!
ROMPIN' RADIATORS! HE'S MAKIN' A DIVE AT ME!
TORO SEES THE NAZI'S DESPERATE MANOUVER.
W-WOW! I'M AFRAID TO LOOK! ...OH! TORCH!
THE IMPACT STUNS TORCH BEFORE HE CAN DAMAGE THE PLANE WITH HIS FLAME!
UHH!
OUCH!
WHAM!
THE TORCH, SEEMINGLY HURT, DROPS AS VON BELCH FLEES!
OH!
VON BELCH MANAGES TO CONTROL HIS PLANE, BUT TORCH'S FLAME HAS SET IT AFIRE!
OTTICH! GOTT! ME DER FIRE-EXTINGUISHER!
TORO, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING FROM THE GROUND, FLAMES UP AND GRABS TORCH -- JUST IN TIME!
FLICKERIN' FIRE BALLS! TORCH! TORCH! SPEAK TO ME!
TORO IS AGHAST AS HE WATCHES TORCH PLUMMET TO EARTH!
GOSH! HE'S A GONER!

PURELY ON A HUNCH, TORO THINKS UP A NEW ONE. AS TORCH SECRETLY REGAINS HIS SENSES ON THE GROUND . . .
THE HEAT FROM THIS OUGHTTA REVIVE HIM! GOOD! HE'S—
SONS O' FIRE! WHAT HIT ME? OH—THE PLANES! OKAY, TORO, TURN OFF THE HEAT!
THEY DASH OVER TO A CRASHED PLANE, NEARBY . . .
I'M GONNA TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PLANE, TORO!
CRIKEY! CAMPAIGNERS! HERE'S ONE OF THOSE LEAFLETS THEY DROPPED!
—AS TORO READS THE LEAFLET—
REGARDS FROM THE CANADIAN FUEHRER!
I WILL COME AGAIN!
Von Belch!
TORCH INVESTIGATES THE GAS TANK OF THE WRECK!
WHEW! IT'S HI-OCTANE GAS, WHICH IS MADE IN AMERICA! PLANE LIB JOB! THEY'RE GOING PLACES!
SO VON BELCH'S PLANE CAME SO FAST YOU COULDN'T DUCK BEFORE HE CRASHED INTO YOU, —HUH, TORCH?
RIGHT! I LEFT A NICE FIRE THERE, TOO!
A FEW MILES FROM THE CITY...
IF WE FIND VON BELCH'S FIRE, WE'LL FIND VON BELCH! AND IF WE FIND HIM, WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THOSE MYSTERY PLANES COME FROM!
WOWEE! TORCH! THERE'S A FIRE IN THE SKY! CAN IT BE—?
Meanwhile...
ACH! DOT HUMAN TORCH! I CAN'T PUT DER FIRE OUDT!


IT'S VON BELCH, ALL RIGHT! AND THE REMAINING PLANES, TORO! LET'S FOLLOW THEM!
TRY TO SHAKE ME OFF, TORCH!
VON BELCH NOSES DOWNWARD!
YE'RE RIGHT OFER DER CANADIAN BORDER! I TINK YE CAN MAKE OUR SECRET 'DROME!
HURRY! DER FIRE ISS BAD!
TORCH AND TORO COME TO EARTH IN THE DARK FOREST!
OUR OWN PERSONAL BLACKOUT! TORCH! WOW! A LIGHT!
YEP! THEY'RE LANDING ON THE AMERICAN SIDE OF THE BORDER! THAT'S WHERE THEY CAME FROM!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, VON BELCH AND HIS CRIPPLED RAIDERS LAND!
PUT DOT FIRE OUDT! QVICK! I KILLED DHE HUMAN TORCH FOR STARTING IT!
VE LOST EINE PLANES ON ACCOUNT OF DOT HUMAN TORCH!
VA! VON BELCH!
SEE DOT EFERY ODDER PLANE ISS FIXED UND READY! MAKE MORE THROWTE BOMBS! TOMORROW VE RAID NEW YORK!
SUDDENLY
WE'RE RAIDING YOU TERRIFIC! MUSTER VON BURP!
IT'S YOUR BLACKOUT!
DER HUMAN TORCH! ALIVE?
I START GRINDING DER ALUMINUM FILE RIGHT NOW FOR BOMBS!
ACH! VAT DHE DISS?

ALUMINUM POTS AND PANS! AND GRINDING WHEELS! SO THAT'S HOW YOU MADE THOSE THERMITE BOMBS!
JA! JA! BLEASE! OOF!
THIS NAZI-MADE BOMB-CASE WILL SAVE MY FISTS!
R.A.F. HAWKER AMEROON FISTS SWIFTLY SUBDUE THE NAZIS ....
WE SURRENDER! VE GIFF UP!
TORCH ENCLOSES THE NAZIS IN A CIRCLE OF FIRE AND SENDS TORO FOR THE BORDER AUTHORITIES!
WE SET UP DIS 'SECRET' AIRPORT VID BIG STORIES OF YOUR AMERICAN GAS AND PILES OF YOUR ALUMINUM LONG BEFORE VE DECLARED WAR ON YOU — VE VERE READIER THAN YOU!
YOU LIVE OUR HI-OCTANE AND OUR ALUMINUM, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHAT GAVE YOU RAWK, MISTER!
WHAT A PUNCH! THEY HAD EVERYTHING! THE HI-OCTANE GAS, — NAZI SHELLS — AND EVEN THE PILOTS HIDDEN HERE SINCE BEFORE THE WAR! BUT WE LICKED 'EM, ANYWAY!
AN HOUR LATER... CANADIAN 'MOUNTIES' ARRIVE....
THESE NAZIS WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD WITHIN 24 HOURS, TORCH!
THEY DESERVE IT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE ALMOST AS TREACHEROUS AS THE JAPS!
LOOK! WE SAVED SOME ALUMINUM POTS AND PANS, TORCH! AND I CAN USE 'EM TO COOK NAZIS IN!
HEY, KIDS!
IS YOUR FATHER OR MOTHER AN AIR RAID WARDEN? THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS YOU CAN DO TO HELP THEM OUT, TOO....
AND YOU, TOO, CAN BECOME A PART OF THE AIR RAID SERVICE!
ASK YOUR NEAREST AIR RAID POST WARDEN ABOUT SPECIAL JOBS BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO IN AIR RAID WORK...
GET YOUR ARM BANDS... DO YOUR DUTY! AMERICA IS CALLING ALL OF US!
Signed— The HUMAN TORCH!

HI, KIDS! LISTEN!
DON'T MISS MY NEXT QUARTERLY
SUB-MARINER No. 8
--- SUMMER ISSUE 1942 ---
"CASE OF THE MISSING FINGER"
AND
"PERISCOPE PERIL"
CHILLS AND THRILLS! THAT'S ME!
10¢
Bill Everett
SUB-MARINER
10¢

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING CARGO SHIPS!
SUB-MARINER
OIL
OIL
OIL
AS HEAVY FREIGHT TUMBLED ALL AROUND IN THE DOOMED SHIP'S HOLD, SUB-MARINER DOVE IN, WIELDING A SHARP CRATE-HOOK AT THE CROOKED CROWD WHO WERE SINKING AMERICAN SHIPS WITHOUT FIRE OR EXPLOSION!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE
HERE'S MORE GOOD NEWS MR. VON GOTCH!
THREE MORE SHIPS SUNK— AND THAT AIN'T ALL!
YES! YOU ARE DOING GOOD WORK, BOYS!
AT THIS RATE WE CAN SINK MORE SHIPS DEN DER U-BOATS.... AND NOBODY CAN SUSPECT! HA! IT ISS A SMART SCHEME ALL RIGHT!
LISTEN AMERICA!
SHIPS WITHOUT ANY TRACE! JA!
IT'S BERLIN
THAT MESSAGE TO THE MARITIME COMMISSION!
YES SIR!
SUFFERIN' SEAWEED! I WONDER WHAT THE EXCITEMENT'S ALL ABOUT?
NO SIR!
WHAT'S COOKIN', CHUM?
SHIPS ARE GOIN' DOWN WITH ALL HANDS!
WHAT? AINTCHA READ THE PAPERS? TAKE A LOOK!
MEANWHILE
... IN THE OFFICE OF THE MARITIME COMMISSION....
TWENTY SHIPS HAVE BEEN SUNK IN THE LAST TWO WEEKS— WITHOUT BEING TORPEDOED!
SUPPLIES!
SAILORS ARE
WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!— SEND FOR SUB-MARINER! —PUT A NOTICE IN EVERY PAPER IN AMERICA!

SUB-MARINER READS THE NOTICE
THEY WANT ME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER---
BEFORE I ANSWER THAT NEWSPAPER AD I'M GOING TO FIND OUT A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE CASE—QUICK!
MY BEST BET IS TO HEAD FOR THE UNITED NATIONS SEA ROUTE
MY HUNCH IS THAT THE "ROBERT SPALDING" LEFT FOR RUSSIA ABOUT THREE DAYS AGO. MAYBE I CAN CATCH UP!
PEPPERED PERCH!
A GUY HANGING ONTO A TABLE! AND WITH NO KNIFE AND FORK!
AN AMERICAN SAILOR!
UH!
TOO WEAK TO HOLD ON, THE SURVIVOR DROPS HIS HANDS.
GOSH!
TOO BAD!
A-A-AH!
SHIFTING CARGOES!

THE BOYS TOLD ME THIS IS THE COMPANY THAT LOADS ALL THE SHIPS IN THIS HARBOR.
UNITED STEAMSH
WELL, YOU LOOK STRONG ENOUGH!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A LONGSHOREMAN!
COME WIT ME BUDDY!
VON GOTCH! WHAT A FACE!!! WHERE IN THE WORLD DID I SEE THAT FACE
SEE?
STAY OFF!
ON THAT SHIP!
GRAB HIM!
GET OFF— IT'S DANGEROUS!
HUH? WHAT'S THAT?

AS THE SAILORS GO BACK TO WORK VON GOTCH
AH! JUST VOT I VANTED!
FINISH LOADING DOT SHIP! FROM TOP TO BOTTOM-UNDERSTAND?
WE GETCHA, VON GOTCH!
HEAVY ON TOP SO SHE SINKS TO THE BOTTOM! HA-HA!
JA! SHE SAILS TONIGHT!
SWING IT OVER A LITTLE MORE, MAC! THE HEAVY ONE - YOU KNOW!
CHIRPING CHOWDER! HE'S LOADING THE HEAVY CRATE OVER THE LIGHT ONE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, FISH HEAD? THAT CRATE'LL CRACK OPEN WHEN THE SHIP'S OUT A COUPLA DAYS!
NOSEY, EH! I'LL FIX YOU!
HOW D'YA LIKE - OWW!
THIS'LL MAKE YOU A CRACKED CRAB!
VON GOTCH APPROACHES FROM THE REAR
PLEASE - I-I CAN'T-
DER ANSWER IS IN MY GUN!

SO YOU'RE BEHIND THIS PHONEY LOADING, VON GOTCH!
YEZ! AND YOU WILL ZOON BE BEHIND A BULLET!
SUDDENLY SUB-MARINER PICKS UP A CRATE AND HEAVES IT
LOOK OUT!
HERE'S ONE CRATE I'M LOADING ON YOU!
FISTS!
RIP HIM APART!
OW!
BUT SUB-MARINER GRABS ONE BY THE WRIST! AND...
CATFISH!
APPROACHES
SUB-MARINER SEES...
HACKED HERRINGS! THIS GUY'S LOOKING AT SOMETHING BEHIND ME!
AH!
FAST!
OICH!
CRACK!
DER WRONG YONE!!!
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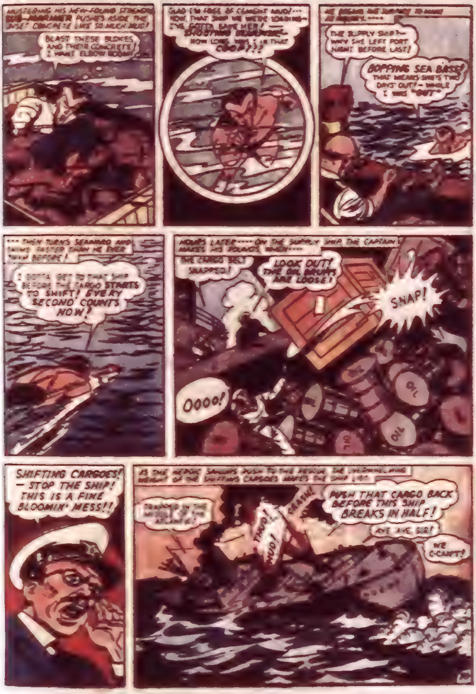
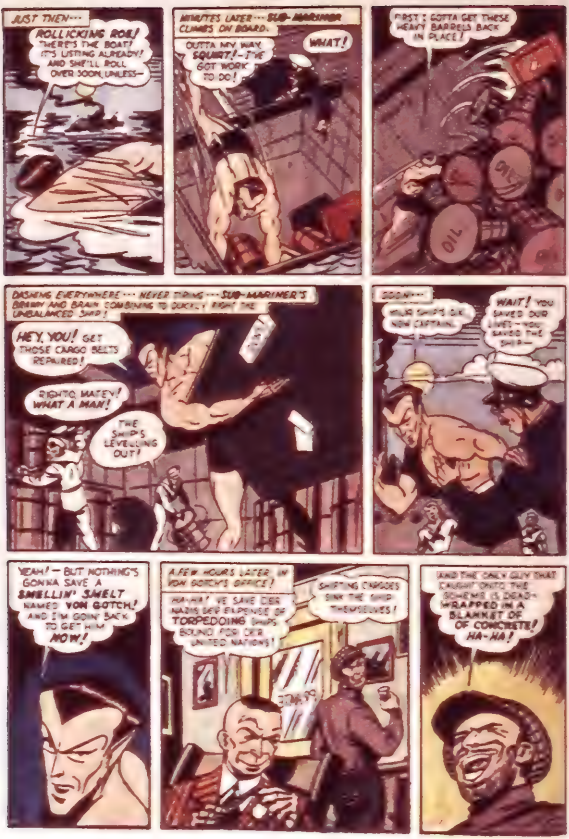
NON-GET HIM!
MOIDER THE BUM!
GIVE HIM THE STEAMROLLER!
HOLY HALIBUT!
AIR FORCE!
TAKE OFF!
DIVE BOMBING!
DE GUY AIN'T HUMAN!
FLYING FLUKE! A DIRECT HIT!
OUCH!
OH!
CRACK!

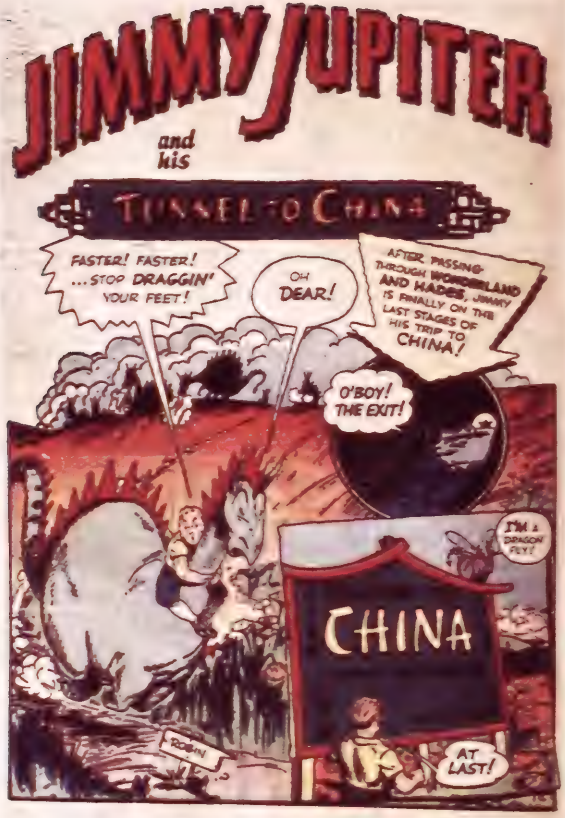
HA! NO VONE CAN INTERFERE MIT VON GOTCH UND LIVE!
DAT GUY'S DYNAMITE! WOW!
GOOD WORK, BOSS!
OUT OF HERE!
O.K. BOSS!
YOU BET!
LOADED
READY FOR SAILING?
ABOUT THREE DAYS OUT!
SUB-MARINER IS TAKEN OFF.
SHIP READY FOR SAILING, MR. VON GOTCH?
YES, CAPTAIN!— DISS CRATE VASS LOADED ON BY MISTAKE!
SUB-MARINER
FOR GOOD!
CONCRETE!
HARD
HIM IN THE OCEAN— UND GOOD RIDDANCE!

DESTRUCTION!
AT THE SAME TIME...
PLENTY OV CONCRETE! HE'S STILL BREATHING!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA HAVE HARD TIMES, VON GOTCH
DIS STUFF'LL BE LIKE A ROCK IN ABOUT A DAY!
THE NEXT NIGHT...
GOOT! IT'S SO HARD A HAMMER COULDN'T CRACK IT!
THE HARD TRUCK'S READY BOSS!
SUB-MARINER
HIM! HA-HA!
DER SHIP ISS MORE THAN A DAY OUDT ALREADY! IN ANOODER DAY OR SO SHIFTING CARGOES WILL SINK HER TOO!!!
SUB-MARINER---
JUMPING JELLYFISH! WHERE AM I ?? — I-I CAN HARDLY BREATHE— CAN'T MOVE! — MY HEAD! I REMEMBER! VON GOTCH! WHAT A MESS I'M IN!
CROSS SECTION OF CASE--
9


BLAST THESE BLOKES AND THEIR CONCRETE! I WANT ELBOW ROOM!
HOW LONG WAS I IN THAT COOP???
THE SUPPLY SHIP?— WHY SHE LEFT PORT NIGHT BEFORE LAST!
BOPPING SEA BASS! THAT MEANS SHE'S TWO DAYS OUT! — WHILE I WAS "OUT"
I GOTTA GET TO THAT SHIP BEFORE THE CARGO STARTS TO SHIFT! EVERY SECOND COUNTS NOW!
HOURS LATER----ON THE SUPPLY SHIP THE CAPTAIN MAKES HIS ROUNDS, WHEN----
LOOK OUT! THE OIL DRUMS ARE LOOSE!
SNAP!
OOOO!
SHIFTING CARGOES! — STOP THE SHIP! THIS IS A FINE BLOOMIN' MESS!!
CRASH!
PUSH THAT CARGO BACK BEFORE THIS SHIP BREAKS IN HALF!
AYE AYE SIR!
WE C-CAN'T!


JUST THEN···
ROLLICKING ROE! THERE'S THE BOAT! IT'S LISTING ALREADY! AND SHE'LL ROLL OVER SOON, UNLESS—
MINUTES LATER···SUB-MARINER CLIMBS ON BOARD.
WHAT!
OUTTA MY WAY, SQUIRT!—I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
FIRST: GOTTA GET THESE HEAVY BARRELS BACK IN PLACE!
OIL
DASHING EVERYWHERE··· NEVER STOPS···SUB-MARINER'S ENERGY AND BRAWN COMBINING TO DOCKLY RIGHT THE UNBALANCED SHIP!
HEY, YOU! GET THOSE CARGO BELTS REPAIRED!
RIGHTO, MATEY! WHAT A MAN!
THE SHIP'S LEVELLING OUT!
SOON···
WAIT! YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!—YOU SAVED THE SHIP—
YOUR SHIP'S OK, NOW CAPTAIN.
YEAH!—BUT NOTHING'S GONNA SAVE A SMELLIN' SMELT NAMED VON GOTCH! AND I'M GOIN' BACK TO GET HIM NOW!
A FEW HOURS LATER IN VON GOTCH'S OFFICE!
HA-HA! I'VE SAVE LOTS NAZIS AT EXPENSE OF TORPEDOING SHIPS BOUND FOR OUR UNITED NATIONS!
SHIFTING CARGOES SINK THE SHIP THEMSELVES!
AND THE ONLY GUY THAT KNEW OF VON GOTCH'S SCHEMES IS DEAD—WRAPPED IN A BLANKET OF CONCRETE! HA-HA!

TOMORROW MORNING WE SAIL LOAD ANOTHER SHIP- WHICH WILL SINK TO DER BOTTOM! HA-HA!
BUT---- SUDDENLY----
HERE'S WHERE YOU SINK- NOT THE SHIP, YOU STINKER!
VOT??? ALIVE?? ---I AM CRAZY!!
FURIOUSLY SUB-MARINER TEARS INTO VON GOTCH!
I'M GONNA MAKE HIM CLAM CHOWDER OUTTA THE REST OF YOU POOR FISH!
YEOW!
I KNEW SO SEEN VON GOTCH-S FACE! HE'S THE NAZIONAL NAZI HEAD OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE! THAT'S WHO HE IS! AND WAS INTERNED FOR SPY ACTIVITIES!
NOW HE CAN BE SHOT!!!
HE MIXES THEM WELL--- AND DUMPS THEM ALL IN A SMALL CARGO TRUCK!
NEXT STOP IS THE MARITIME COMMISSION! AROUND THE CORNER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER----
YOU WON'T NEED ME TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THIS MISSING SHIP! AS YOU MENTION IN A REPORT! THERE'S THE ANSWER!
WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A SEA COOK!
VON GOTCH, AND HIS LOADING COMPANY!
WANT ME TO?
ACH!
NOW ... LOOKEE!
TERRIFIC NEW ADVENTURES HAVE HAPPENED TO ME, WHICH ARE FEATURED IN THE SUB-MARINER QUARTERLY SUMMER ISSUE No.8!
'PERISCOPE PERIL' IS ONE -- AND ANOTHER IS THE 'CASE OF THE MISSING FINGER!'
Sub-Mariner
SUB-MARINER IS WAITING FOR IT!
TERRY TOONS
Are you?
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
JULY 1ST


JIMMY JUPITER
and his
TUNNEL TO CHINA
FASTER! FASTER! ...STOP DRAGGIN' YOUR FEET!
OH DEAR!
AFTER PASSING THROUGH WONDERLAND AND HADES, JIMMY IS FINALLY ON THE LAST STAGES OF HIS TRIP TO CHINA!
O'BOY! THE EXIT!
I'M A DRAGON FLY!
CHINA
AT LAST!

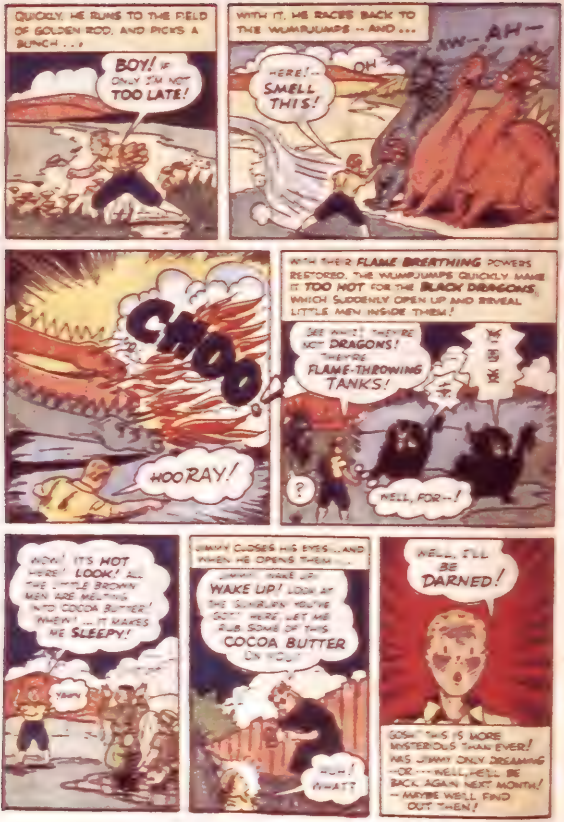
GEE! LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN ROD!
CH!
SHUCK, I'LL PICK A BUNCH TO TAKE HOME TO MY MOTHER!
NOW TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
GEE WHIZ! WHAT'S THAT?
DLAGON, DLAGON!
HELP!
DLAGON!
DLAGON COMING!
LUN!
"DLAGON?" --WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY "DLAGON"?
GRRRR!
OH! ... DRAGON!

GROOL
GOSH! I HOPE I CAN REACH THAT FOREST!
NOW! WHERE CAN I HIDE?
JIMMY SPOTS A GREAT BOULDER...
IT WON'T SEE ME HERE!
IN A FEW MINUTES... THE BLACK DRAGON GOES AWAY....
WELL, HE'S GONE!
WHEW!
OH, IS HE? ...THAT'S GOOD!
YIPE!
OMIGOSH! ANOTHER ONE!
SUDDENLY THE BIG BOULDER COMES TO LIFE!
JIMMY! JIMMY JUPITER! HEY! ... WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
SWISH

HEY! JIMMY!
HUH?
WHO CAN BE CALLING ME HERE?
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, JIMMY?
WELL - GEE WHIZ! IT'S THE WUMPJUMP!
BOY! I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU!
YES-? (SNIFF-?)
TWOH! - TAKE THAT GOLDEN ROD AWAY!
OH! MY HAY FEVER!
GEE! I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW!
GESUND HEIT!
WOW!
OH—LOOK! A SMOKE RING!
THAT'S STRANGE! MY FAMILY LOST THE ART OF BREATHING FIRE AND SMOKE YEARS AGO! WE LIVED SUCH PEACEFUL LIVES YOU KNOW!

WHAT ABOUT THAT DRAGON WE JUST SAW? HE WAS BREATHING SMOKE AND FLAME!
AH, YES!... THERE ARE MANY OF THEM. THEY ARE NEWCOMERS TO OUR LAND!
YOU'RE A NEWCOMER HERE YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU, MR. WUMPJUMP? I THOUGHT YOU LIVED IN THE LAND OF NOWHERE!
WELL, YOU SEE, CHINA IS MY REAL HOME! —I AM HERE ON VACATION. WILL YOU COME AND HAVE TEA WITH MY FAMILY, JIMMY?
I'D LOVE TO!
THE TWO FRIENDS START OFF FOR THE WUMPJUMP HOME...
OH, YES— TELL ME MORE ABOUT THOSE BLACK DRAGONS, MR. WUMPJUMP.
WELL... THEY ARE, AS I SAID, NEWCOMERS... AND WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEM ... EXCEPT THAT THEY ARE VERY WAR-LIKE!
...THEY CONSTANTLY ATTACK THE VILLAGES AND REFUSE TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH ANY OF THE OTHER DRAGONS — EVEN FIGHTING US AT TIMES!
THE BEAST!
THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THEM IS THEIR COLOR! WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT BLACK DRAGONS WERE A MYTH ... AND EXISTED ONLY IN JAPANESE LEGEND!
HELLO, SON!
WELL, HERE'S MY HOME.
JIMMY IS INTRODUCED TO THE WUMPJUMP'S MOTHER AND FATHER.
OH! OUR SON HAS TOLD US ABOUT YOU, JIMMY!
YES, YES— VERY GLAD TO KNOW YOU, JIMMY, MY BOY!
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, TOO!

WILL YOU HAVE A CUP OF TEA, JIMMY?
...SORRY WE HAVEN'T A SMALLER CUP!
OH, THANK YOU! THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
AND SO, JIMMY IS HAVING A FINE TIME! THE HUMPJUMPS DANCE FOR HIS BENEFIT...
TEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!
HA-HA-HA!
...WHEN SUDDENLY!
WHAT'S THAT?
OVER THE HILL COME THE BLACK DRAGONS... SPITTING SMOKE AND FIRE!
WHAT'S THAT?
OH-HHHH!
THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK US! WHAT WILL WE DO?
SEE!
IF THE ONLY HADN'T LOST OUR ABILITY TO BREATHE FLAME!
DRAT IT!
AN IDEA HITS JIMMY...
I HAVE IT!
O'BOY!


QUICKLY, HE RUNS TO THE FIELD OF GOLDEN ROD, AND PICKS A BUNCH . . .
BOY! IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE!
WITH IT, HE RACES BACK TO THE WUMPJUMPS -- AND . . .
HERE!-- SMELL THIS!
OH!
NN-- AH --
CHOO
HOORAY!
WITH THEIR FLAME BREATHING POWERS RESTORED, THE WUMPJUMPS QUICKLY MAKE IT TOO HOT FOR THE BLACK DRAGONS, WHICH SUDDENLY OPEN UP AND REVEAL LITTLE MEN INSIDE THEM!
SEE WHAT? THEY'RE NOT DRAGONS! THEY'RE FLAME-THROWING TANKS!
?
WELL, FOR--!
WOW! IT'S HOT HERE! LOOK! ALL THE LITTLE BROWN MEN ARE MELTING INTO COCOA BUTTER! WHEW! ... IT MAKES ME SLEEPY!
YAWN
JIMMY CLOSES HIS EYES ... AND WHEN HE OPENS THEM ...
WAKE UP!
WAKE UP! LOOK AT THE SUNBURN YOU'VE GOT! HERE, LET ME RUB SOME OF THIS COCOA BUTTER ON YOU!
HUH! WHAT?
WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!
GOSH! THIS IS MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN EVER! WAS JIMMY ONLY DREAMING -- OR ... WELL, WE'LL BE BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH! -- MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT THEN!

SATAN HIMSELF!

JOE CLEERY was a curious fellow. For six years he had lived under the burning sun of the Arizona desert, walking the hot sands with his pack mule in his search for gold. About once a month he ran across another person, that being the only time he got any news about outside. So naturally he had to spend his time doing something when he wasn't panning or digging for the yellow dust, so he spent it being curious.

Everything attracted his attention, from bugs crawling across rocks, to buzzards wheeling in the sky. He investigated anything out of place that crossed his path, and spoke to it like it was another person. The way he figured, if he didn't he'd forget how to speak altogether! Oft times, Joe would go miles out of his way to see what it was that glinted in the sun so brightly. Usually, it turned out to be a piece of quartz, or a discarded chunk of metal that the dry atmosphere never gave a chance to rust.

So when Joe Cleery saw the thing he thought was a bird flapping aimlessly about not far overhead, he got curious. The thing flapped closer, doing flipflops in the air like a crazy thing. Finally it fluttered to the sand, exhausted. Joe stopped and went over to it. He cocked in air at the sight. "Bird nothing," he hissed, "I were a bet! Now what the dickens would a bat be doing out in broad daylight in this part of the country?"

Scratching his head in puzzlement, Joe stuck the bat in a sack. It couldn't have come from far off. Well, the only thing to do was investigate. Curiosity was crawling on Joe like rabbits in a wheat field. He spied a little hillock about a half mile north. "Might have come from over there. Hmmmmm. I'll have a look-see, anyway," he mused.

With the burro plodding along beside him, the prospector trudged through the loose sandy dirt. The sun overhead beat mercilessly down, and sweat ran in little rivulets from under his hat. Finally the pair, man and mule, reached the hillock. It was a very ordinary looking thing from the south side, and Joe was very disappointed, indeed. He dropped the burro's reins and walked around to the north side. And there it was! A six foot wide crevice in solid rock!

The sandhawk's nose wrinkled with unbounded curiosity. This called for a bit of exploration, and it was right up his alley. Out of his kit bag he took a lantern, lit it, and slipped into the natural cave. Suddenly there was a wild whirring of thousands of wings. They beat at the lantern, while little claws hooked into his clothes. More bats! They swarmed out of the cave in a mad frenzy and flapped aimlessly in the bright light.

Joe flattened against the rock wall and waited for them to get out. He shook loose those stuck to his ragtop jacket, and when they followed the rest, poked ahead. For a few yards the place was level, then it took a sharp angle downward. It was easy going. Projecting rocks stuck out all over and provided good foot and hand holds. Gradually the place took on weird colors. Small animals scurried about under foot.

How much time passed, Joe never knew. The place so intrigued him that he didn't bother to figure it out. Anyway, time was the thing he had the most of, so why worry about it? Then from the cavern of many turns, he stepped into a room of unearthly dimensions. It stretched upward as high as the eye could see! Pointing from the floor up were giant stalagmites, while their counterparts were faintly visible from the distant ceiling. A steady drip of water was the only sound beside his own heavy breathing.

MANY EXITS LED from the enormous chamber, and Joe chose one of them. Careful to scratch his way with a knife, he entered one. Down, down he went. The place seemed to have no end. The lantern cast a yellow glow on the greenish-grey walls making the tunnel a ghostly lane. Hours passed, and Joe kept on. He entered many other chambers, each larger than the rest, but with each one, his curiosity increased and he continued his trek.

It was when he entered the last huge room that he noticed the difference. It was getting warmer! Way deep in the bowels of the earth he was will never be known, but whereas when he first entered it was fairly cool, the temperature now was the same as that as the glaring sun on the surface, only here it was moist, unbearably so. "Guess I must be near one of them underground hot water streams!" Joe said to himself.

It was then that he felt it. Someone was in here with him! Joe had lived alone long enough to be super-sensitive to another's presence, and now he was sure that another living creature was

somewhere near! He could even feel its eyes burning into him. Again his curiosity got the better of him. He flashed the light into every corner, but he saw nothing!

His flesh crawled. The most unearthly feeling came over him. This was not an animal . . . he would have known the difference at once, and had it been a four footed creature it certainly would have attacked him before this. What ever it was, it surveyed him very calmly from some hidden spot. For once, Joe's curiosity didn't overcome him. He took a last look around, then turned on his heel and started back the way he came!

THEN . . . A LOW RUMBLE reverberated throughout the place. It went down to a snarl and stopped. That was a *human* voice . . . scarcely distinguishable but unmistakably human!

Joe jumped three feet in the air and came down running. He tore straight ahead for all he was worth, his feet a blur in the lamp's rays. Unfortunately, he didn't see the wall ahead, and he hit it full out. His breath whooshed out, and he bounced back like a rubber ball! Luckily, the lantern was still intact.

It came again, that awful voice. Joe scrambled to his feet and panted away! Gone was his curiosity. All he wanted was to get out of there . . . and fast! His eyes sought out the trail he scratched on the floor and found it. But the rumbling came closer. "Who is that! Joe called. "Speak up, critter!" The great hall threw back a dozen echos at him. By now, Joe was shaking so hard his knees hurt when they bumped.

"Critter? No, I am like you!"

Joe turned sharply. "Who said that!" Coming so unexpectedly, the voice gave him the *creeps*! Unbounded terror shook him right down to his shoes. Again that rich, mellow voice broke the stillness.

"I did, wasn't you come with me? Step this way." Joe almost fell over.

"Lemme go, whoever you are! Get out of here!" Again the echos boomed back. And that was the difference. The other's voice didn't cast an echo! What was this person! This time the voice held a trace of anger.

"But I live here. I cannot go away!" With all his fright, Joe located the voice. It came from a patch of darkness a few yards away. So black was the patch that the light rays couldn't penetrate it. Now, Joe was a brave man, even in these circumstances. With a cry of rage, he hurled the light at the blob of darkness and jumped to the attack!

THE LAMP MISSED, but Joe didn't. He landed on a creature that seemed completely naked. Sharp claws raked his face, but he grabbed an arm and held on. The skin seemed tougher than a razorback hog, covered with wire-like hair. Joe kicked out, struggling fiercely. Back and forth they went, gradually getting out of range of the light.

Something came down on Joe's foot, something hard and sharp. Once a horse stepped on him and it felt exactly like that. What manner of man was this! It fought with demoniacal fury. For once Joe was thankful of the many back-breaking hours over a pick and shovel, for he was as hard as nails. Joe let go a vicious right hook. It caught his assailant flush on the jaw. It screamed out with all its hate. But it came on. Ordinarily, that punch would have floored a man! Joe swung at random now, for the lamp was to one side and a good distance away.

But the other creature could see! It's feet pattered on the floor, then two sharp prongs caught Joe in the stomach! His hands shot out and grabbed the head, at least that was what it was supposed to be. His fingers had circled around a pair of *horns*! The creature thrashed about wildly, its feet swinging, but Joe had a firm grip now and he did not intend to let go just yet.

Keeping the other's head down was a job, but he managed, then slowly but surely dragged him nearer the light to get a good look at him. The thing realized at once what he was trying to do and screamed, "You must not! *No one* must see me!" And with a terrific tug the thing broke loose and tore away. Joe could hear the clatter of its hard feet going up the hallways. Without losing a second, Joe scooped up the lantern and glued his eyes to the dirt under his feet. He found his tracks coming in to the place, took a deep breath then ran . . . faster than he had ever done before.

When he finally reached the top his clothes hung in tatters. The lantern was dented and cracked, but its light still shone. Joe went through the last cave in that just one moved, unless they were caught in his breast. Outside, the sun was almost down. The burro grazed peacefully and everything was normal again.

JOE SCRATCHED his head, then the past events hit him all at once. The heat, the strange creature with the hooves and horns that could not be seen . . . all this in the middle of the desert. And the bats. You could not forget the bats! That was it all right, he had met *the Devil in person!* There could be no other explanation!

Joe Cleeray never told this story to a living creature outside his burro, for, as he said to the droopy old pack mule, "Nobody'd ever believe me, nohow! Anyway, maybe it was just another old prospector that stumbled in that cave and couldn't find the way out . . . maybe!"

THE END

the PATRIOT
WHAT HAVE THE STARS AND PLANETS TO DO WITH THE EARTH'S MIRT ... WHAT DOES THE GREAT ASTRO READ IN THEM THAT MATERIALLY AFFECTS THE ALLIES? ... HIS PREDICTIONS HAVE ALL COME TRUE! ... BUT ARE THEY TRUE? THE PATRIOT DECIDES TO FIND OUT!
TAKE A SQUINT AT THESE STARS, SWEETHEART!
WBAC

DO NOT GO AGAINST THE STARS!
YOUR SHIPS WILL SINK!
ASTROLOGIST WINS!
STARS vs. ALLIES
SHIPPING TIED UP!
WBAC
NCB
STARS SINK SHIPS
WHO IS THIS MAN WHO TIES UP COMMERCIAL SHIPPING WITH HIS UNCANNY PREDICTIONS?
—THIS QUESTION HAS JUST BEEN ASKED OF JEFF MACE, REPORTER...
WELL, THE GUY HAS SOME ANGLE... I SAY LET'S SEE HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT!
LET'S GO!
AND SO THE TERRIBLE TRIO OF JOURNALISM, MARY, CASEY AND JEFF START OUT
THERE'S ASTRO'S LITTLE NEST! HE BROADCASTS FROM THERE!
HEY! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
THEN AS THEY REACH THE TOP...
HURRY! OR WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM!
IN A FEW SECONDS THE SHOWER TURNS INTO A FULL-FLEDGED STORM!
CROSSING THE ONLY BRIDGE THEY STOP AND CASEY BANGS ON THE DOOR...
COME ON! THEY CAN'T ALL BE DEAD IN THERE!
CRASH
LIGHTNING! OH... THE BRIDGE IS GONE!
THEN THE HUGE DOOR OPENS
COME IN, MY FRIENDS! THE ELEMENTS HAVE DECREED YOU TO BE MY GUESTS, I SEE! ENTER!

HESITATING ONLY FOR AN INSTANT, THE FURY OF THE STORM MAKES UP THEIR MINDS!
THANKS, PAL! COME ON GANG! IT WON'T BE RAINING IN THERE, ANYHOW!
QUICKLY!
HE SOUNDS LIKE AN ECHO'S UNCLE!
INSIDE THE GREAT OBSERVATORY, ASTRO SHOWS THEM AROUND.
MY TELESCOPE CHARTS-- AND OFFICIAL RADIO EQUIPMENT! AND NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, IT IS TIME FOR MY BROADCAST!
GO RIGHT AHEAD!
YEAH! WELL BE YOUR STUDIO AUDIENCE!
MY PREDICTIONS ARE NOT MY OPINIONS! THEY ARE DICTATED TO ME BY THE STARS! I BEGIN NOW--
ASTRO DIRECTS HIS PROGRAM AT TANKER CREWS--
YOU WOULD BE FOOLS TO SAIL IN THE FACE OF FATE! ALL TANKERS--
--WHO LISTEN INTENTLY!
HOLY..!
--THAT SAIL THIS NIGHT WILL SINK -- SO SAY THE STARS! THEY HAVE NOT LIED YET!
HE'S RIGHT!
SUDDENLY JEFF LEAPS UP! ...
I DON'T THINK STARS SHINE ON STORMY NIGHTS!
...FINDS HIS HUNCH BOLSTERED BY ASTRO'S GERMAN SCRIPT! HE GRABS THE MIKE, AND...
SORRY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN BUT WE MUST DISCONTINUE THIS PROGRAM DUE TO WEATHER CONDITIONS!
BUT... AS THEY START DOWN OFF THE PLATFORM
OW!
LOOK OUT, JEFF!
GOT HIM!

JEFF FALLS TO THE FLOOR – AND ASTRO'S WHISTLE BRINGS TWO ASSISTANTS!
RAISE YOUR HANDS!...OR DIE!
HE IS NOT DEAD!...YOU WILL COME WITH US!
OH!
THEY ARE TAKEN DOWN WINDING STAIRS TO THE DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR --
ONE MOVE AND WE SHOOT!
HURT BAD JEFF?
NAW! JUST MY SHOULDER!
-- AND ARE HUNG BY THEIR WRISTS! MARY FAINTS FROM THE PAIN!
YOU SCUMMY STAR-GAZERS! CUT HER DOWN-- I'LL---
SILENCE HIM!
YA!
A GUN CAN PROVE USEFUL FROM BOTH ENDS!
CRACK!
AS THEY LEAVE JEFF GOES INTO ACTION, DESPITE HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER!...
PULLING HIMSELF UP ON THE ROPES, HE WORKS HIS ARMS FREE!
NOW, TO CUT THE OTHERS DOWN AND--
JEFF QUICKLY CHANGES INTO HIS COSTUME, AND DASHES UPSTAIRS AS THE PATRIOT!
--TAKE CHARGE OF ASTRO! THAT GUY IS AS PHONY AS THEY COME!
WELL...HE'S LOOKING AWFULLY LOW FOR STARS...BUT PERHAPS I CAN SHOW HIM SOME!
THAT HANGING LIGHT WILL DO!
...A RUN, A LEAP, A FAST SWING, AND ... CONTACT!
...BET YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ANY STARS, EH, PAL?
POW!

BUT, AS THE PATRIOT LANDS, A TOMMY GUN CHATTERS FROM ABOVE! ...
AMERICAN PIG!
UH-OH!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
THE GUNMAN DIES ... WITH A GLARE FROM HIS MASTER'S GUN — IN THE HAND OF THE PATRIOT!
AGAIN!
EXIT, PAL! — HEY! ANOTHER ONE!
THE PATRIOT WHEELS — AND SCORES A DIRECT HIT WITH THE GUN ITSELF!
BINGO! I COULD SHOOT YOU — BUT YOU MAY COME IN HANDY!
NOW FOR A LOOK-SEE! WOW! THIS BABY IS MOVING ITSELF! ... HEY! — IT'S CENTERING ON SOMETHING! —
THE TELESCOPE PICKS UP A NAZI SUBMARINE — WHICH SUDDENLY BEGINS TO FLASH A SIGNAL WITH A VIOLET LIGHT!
WHAT A SET-UP! THIS COMMANDS A PERFECT VIEW OF NEW YORK HARBOR ... AND THE OCEAN OUTSIDE! THEY'RE USING ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT! SO NO ONE ELSE CAN PICK IT UP!
THE PATRIOT RELIEVES THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD AND PERSUADES HIM TO TAKE THE COOK! —
THEY'RE STANDING BY FOR ASTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS! HE USED THIS METHOD BECAUSE RADIO IS SO CLOSELY WATCHED!
HE GETS THE SUB'S EXACT POSITION ... —
GOOD! NOW TELL THEM TO STAY THERE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!
YA! YA!
HE HOOKS UP THE RADIO, AND ...
CALLING U.S. COAST GUARD! — NAZI SUB — LATITUDE 128° — SOMETHING —
YA!

SUDDENLY— FROM THE DOOR LEADING TO THE DUNGEONS, TWO FIGURES COME RUNNING!
UH-OH! THAT'S MY CUE TO SCREAM! CAN'T LET THEM KNOW I
MARY! LOOK! THE PATRIOT!
OH!
BUT, AS THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE PLATFORM, HE'S GONE! INSTEAD, THEY FIND ASTRO AND HIS ASSISTANT...
GONE!
YEAH! ... HEY! THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO ASTRO!
AS CASEY FINISHES READING THE PATRIOT'S NOTE EXPLAINING ASTRO'S EX-PLAN.... JEFF MACE COMES UP THE LADDER...!
WELL, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING, GOLDILOCKS!
RAN OUT ON US, EH?
SORRY, KIDS! BUT SOMEBODY MUST HAVE HIT ME!
OH!
GOSH, JEFF... YOU ALWAYS GO OUT LIKE A LIGHT WHEN ACTION STARTS!
SORRY!
YOU SHOULD MEET THE PATRIOT! NOW, THERE'S A GUY!
HA-HA! IF THEY ONLY KNEW! BUT LOOK, GANG!
YOU CAN BE A PATRIOT! SURE... AND SIMPLY, TOO! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS....
BUY
Don't miss the GREAT NEW
TERRY TOONS
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
JULY 1st

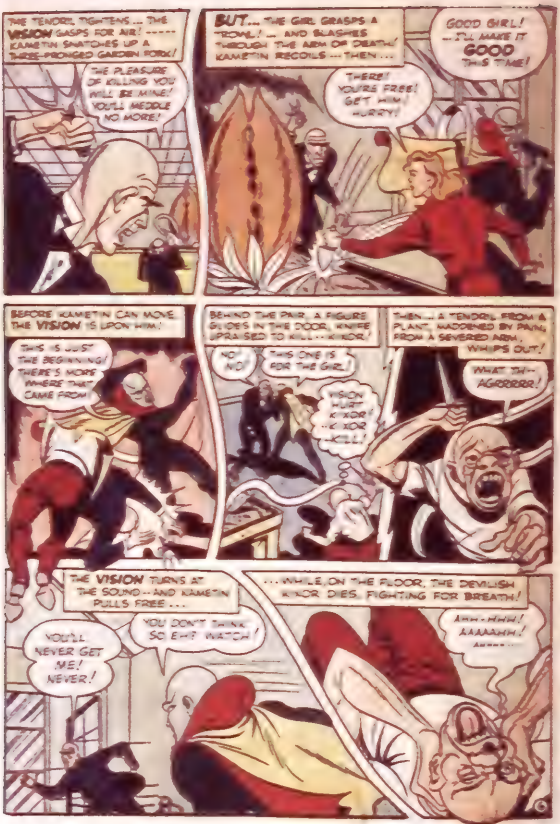
The VISION
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A DRAB NEW ENGLAND TOWN LIES A HUGE WALLED-IN MANSION... IT'S MASTER A SINISTER TWISTED MYSTIC! INSIDE HE HAS A GARDEN — A GARDEN OF DEATH!
GARDEN OF DEATH!

GHOSTLY WHITE PLANTS BLOOM BEYOND THE WALLS --- BUT THERE IN THE CENTER IS THE MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL --- A FLESH-EATER!
AH, KIKOR -- MY LITTLE VENUS MAN! THE TRAP LOOKS HUNGRY! COME! WE MUST GIVE IT FOOD!
QUITE! QUITE!
LATER ... TWO SHADOWY FIGURES STALK THE STREETS OF THE VILLAGE ...
MASTER! THERE IS ONE! THE PLANT SHALL DINE WELL!
YES!
GRAB HIM, KIKOR! BEFORE HE ENWRAPS THE VILLAGERS!
WHAT TH--! HELP! SOMEBODY! HELP!
A DULL THUD... THE VICTIM SLUMPS! HIS UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS CARRIED TO THE MANSION!
THIS WAY!-- HURRY!
COMING, MASTER!
INSIDE ... THE JAWS OF THE MAN-EATER GAPE HUNGRILY. THE VICTIM REVIVES -- IN TIME TO SEE HIS DOOM!
DON'T! STOP! PLEASE! OHHH!
THE JAWS SNAP TOGETHER WITH A SICKENING SOUND! THORNY TEETH RIP INTO HUMAN FLESH!
HIS BONES WILL SOON JOIN THE REST! AH! --- MY BEAUTIFUL PLANT!

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT -- A VILLAGER DISAPPEARS WITH THE RISING OF THE FULL MOON! THE TOWNSFOLK HUDDLE BEHIND LOCKED DOORS IN HORRIBLE DREAD, FEARING FOR THEIR LIVES! THEN...
THE MOON IS FULL, KIXOR! THE PLANT MUST GROW LARGER!
YES, MASTER! WE LEAVE AT ONCE
AGAIN, THE WEIRD PAIR GO FORTH INTO THE DARKNESS-- AND ANOTHER MUST DIE!
BUT THEY DO NOT NOTICE THE FIGURE COMING FROM THE MISTS BEHIND THEM ... THE VISION! --- SCOURGE OF CRIME!
SO -- KAMSTIN!- THE EVIL BOTANIST OF THE ANDES! I THOUGHT SO! HIS WORK ON EARTH IS FINISHED!
DELIBERATELY, THE VISION OFFERS HIMSELF AS A VICTIM TO THE WAITING MASTERS OF DEATH!
CAREFUL, NOW! WE CAN NOT FAIL!
THE HUNCH-BACK JUMPS... BUT THE VISION IS READY!
AH! ... EXCELLENT MATERIAL!
SHE STARTS TO SCREAM --- BUT BEFORE SHE CAN UTTER A SOUND -----
GOT YOU! MY VENUS PLANT WILL HAVE TWO MEALS TONIGHT!
HE -- GLUE!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT -- A YOUNG GIRL PASSES ... AND SEES THE STRUGGLE IN THE STREET!
THE MASTER OF THE MANSION! HE IS THE ONE! OH!

SIZING UP THE SITUATION, THE VISION FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS – ROUGH HANDS GRAB HIM! . . .
. . . AND, WITH THE GIRL, HE IS DRAGGED TO THE MANSION AND CHAINED IN A DUNGEON TO AWAIT THE RISING OF THE FULL MOON!
W-WHO ARE YOU?
THAT YOU SHALL SEE! – WAIT!
WITH A BURST OF ENERGY – THE VISION SNAPS HIS BONDS!
FOOLS! TO THINK THESE COULD HOLD ME!
UNTYING THE GIRL, THE VISION IS ABOUT TO FORCE THEIR ESCAPE – WHEN . . .
QUIET! LISTEN! . . . FOOTSTEPS, COMING THIS WAY!
OHH! OHHH!
THE VISION FLATTENS BEHIND THE DOOR – IT OPENS – KUNOR, THE HUNCHBACK, ENTERS!
WHAT! THEY'VE ESCAPED!
NOT QUITE!
THEN – A MUSCULAR ARM SHOOTS OUT – A BODY WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR! . . . .
THAT CLIGHT TO HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!
SMIT
COME ON! I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON KAMETIN!
PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

SILENTLY, THE VISION AND THE GIRL DART THROUGH THE DIM, CANDLE-LIT CORRIDORS!
WE'LL FIND THAT FIEND UPSTAIRS! STAY WITH ME!
WHAT A SPOOKY PLACE THIS IS!
...AND UP A NARROW STONE STAIRCASE. NOISELESSLY THE VISION OPENS THE HEAVY DOOR, AND THERE -----
QUIET, GIRL!
...IS KAMETIN, THE CRAZED BOTANIST! HE BENDS OVER A SMALL VENUS FLY TRAP, ANXIOUSLY TENDING IT!
NOW, YOU DOG! THIS IS YOUR FINISH!
THE VISION CHARGES AT FULL SPEED! KAMETIN'S FINGER POINTS, AND -----
THERE! MY PET! QUICK!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!...
SUDDENLY... A SPIKED TENDRIL SHOOTS OUT AT THE VISION'S THROAT... A WEIRD PLANT!
GOOD! GOOD!


THE TENDRIL TIGHTENS ... THE VISION GASPS FOR AIR! ..... KAMETIN SNATCHES UP A THREE-PRONGED GARDEN FORK!
THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YOU WILL BE MINE! YOU'LL MEDDLE NO MORE!
BUT... THE GIRL GRASPS A "TOOL" ... AND BLASHES THROUGH THE ARM OF DEATH! KAMETIN RECOILS ... THEN ...
THERE! YOU'RE FREE! GET HIM! HURRY!
GOOD GIRL! ... I'LL MAKE IT GOOD THIS TIME!
BEFORE KAMETIN CAN MOVE, THE VISION IS UPON HIM!
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
BEHIND THE PAIR, A FIGURE GLIDES IN THE DOOR, KNIFE UPRAISED TO KILL ... KIKOR!
NO! NO!
THIS ONE IS FOR THE GIRL!
YEOW! HURT KIKOR ... KIKOR KILL!
THEN ... A TENDRIL FROM A PLANT, MADDENED BY PAIN, FROM A SEVERED ARM, WHIPS OUT!
WHAT TH— AGRRRRR!
THE VISION TURNS AT THE SOUND — AND KAMETIN PULLS FREE ...
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! NEVER!
YOU DON'T THINK SO, EH? WATCH!
... WHILE, ON THE FLOOR, THE DEVILISH KIKOR DIES, FIGHTING FOR BREATH!
AHHH-HHHH! AAAAAHH! AHHH ...

GARDEN OF DEATH!
HE CAN'T GET OVER THAT WALL! HE HAS TO HEAD FOR THE GATE!
AIYIYIIAIIIII...
NOW WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE! FAST!
THE VISION GRABS HER -- AND THEY SCRAMBLE OVER THE WALL ...
JUSTICE IS A STRANGE THING!... OKAY! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW!
TOO LATE TO STOP IT!
PERHAPS IT'S BEST THAT THEY NEVER KNOW!
I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU NEED ME! NEVER FEAR!
THE VISION

Terry Vance
and Dr. Watson
in
Monkey Business!
GOSH, TERRY! ANOTHER ONE!
WE'RE CAUGHT ENOUGH BAIT TO OPEN A STORE!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE EXCITING FOR ME TO WATCH THAN FOOTWEAR FISHING!
TERRY VANCE AND HIS PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON, GO FISHING ... BUT IT IS DR. WATSON WHO BRINGS THE SURPRISING CATCH OF THE DAY! ...
GOODY! THEY'RE UNLOADING A BANANA FREIGHTER! I'LL GO LOOK OVER THERE!
OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT MY ORGAN GRINDER?
QUICK! WHITIE! GIVE ME THE BANANA!
CHK, CHK, CHK!

HE'S TAKING SOMETHING OUT OF IT!
AH!
NOW TO GIVE THIS TO MAX!
CHK!
HERE, GERTIE! ON YOUR WAY!
OH... SILLY BOY!
HEAVENS!
LET ME TAKE THIS TO MY PAL, TERRY! HE'LL KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
BY ALL MEANS!
BUT, AS THEY RETURN...
HEY, GERTIE! WHAT'S WRONG?
MY BOSS!
THIS WAY!—HURRY!

COME BACK YOU LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER!
HE'S CHANGING US!
OH...LOOK! A BUNCH OF OVER-RIPE BANANAS!
HERE HE COMES!
WE'LL MAKE A SLIPPERY GET-AWAY!
HEY!...
OOPS!
NOW—TO SHOW THIS TO TERRY!
WHAT'S UP?
SAY! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!
OPEN IT!
WELL WHAT IS IT?
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A MAP OF THE DEFENSES OF THE PANAMA CANAL!

BUT, AS TERRY EXAMINES THE PLANS
HE MUST BE THE SPY!
COME ON, GIVE IT TO ME!
OKAY, MISTER, HERE IT IS!
GOOD
OWW!
ENJOY YOUR TRIP?
WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THIS CAPSULE? SPEAK UP!
DON'T HIT ME... I'LL TELL!
...AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
MONK WAS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THAT TO FELIX VON SHLECHT. HE LIVES IN THE PENTHOUSE OF THE SPILLANE HOTEL!
HE IS A SPY!
I THOUGHT SO!
TURN THIS RAT OVER TO THE POLICE, DEADLINE!
OKAY! ... BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
FIRST, I'M GOING HOME ... THEN TO THE PENTHOUSE OF THE GRANADA HOTEL!

IN TERRY'S LABORATORY...
WICKY THIS RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL PLANE STILL WORKS!
DO YOU R-DE IN THAT PLANE?
YOU BET!
TERRY CONTROLS IT WITH A SHORT WAVE RADIO SET!
HOW THRILLING!
YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THIS, DOC!
OBOY! — A PARACHUTE!
HOPE I'M NOT HEADING FOR A FALL!
OWEN, GERTRUDE, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU, TOO!
OHK-OHK!
TERRY PILES THE EQUIPMENT INTO HIS MIDGET CAR...
OKAY, MONKEY! HOP IN!
A LITTLE LATER AT THE HOTEL...
NOW FOR THE SPILLANE HOTEL... AND HERR VON SHLECHT!
GERTIE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT THOSE PLANS AN HOUR AGO!

BUT GERTIE AND TERRY MEAN TO KEEP THE APPOINTMENT...
USE THAT EMPTY CAPSULE TO LURE VON SHLECHT ONTO THE ROOF!
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!
AND DON'T FORGET TO USE THAT MONKEY WRENCH!
CHIK! CHIK!
AND YOU ARE TO—33-833-22 —ALL SET?
CHK! CHK! JOAN!!
YIPPEE!
WITH A ROAR, THE RADIO-CONTROLLED PLANE SOARS INTO THE AIR!
♪♪ LA-LA LA-LA-LA ♪♪
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU ARRIVED! GIVE ME THAT CAPSULE!
THERE'S GERTIE ON THE ROOF AND THE SPY IS COMING OUT TO MEET HER!
THAT'S MY CUE TO JUMP AND SOCK!

EEE!
HAND IT TO ME .. YOU .. OWW!
UNHAND HER, VILLAIN!
TERRY!
NICE WORK, DR. WATSON!
C'MON, MONKS! THIS HUNK OF NAZI HAS A DATE WITH THE POLICE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
YES, VON SHLECHT WAS A DANGEROUS GERMAN AGENT. YOU BOYS ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED!
IT'S DR. WATSON AND GERTIE WHO DESERVE THE CREDIT, SIR!
I'D BETTER LEAVE AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB!
HEY, GERTIE! COME BACK HERE!
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? THE POLICE HAVE CHOSEN YOU AS THEIR MASCOT!
REALLY?
...OF COURSE!
HEAVEN WILL PROTECT THE WORKING GIRL!
BOYS AND GIRLS! ...WHILE OUR SOLDIERS TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! ONTO THE ENEMY... IT'S UP TO US TO STAMP! STAMP! STAMP! THEM OUT, AT HOME!
TERRY AND DEADLINE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMIC!

THE ANGEL
in
THE BANQUET OF BLOOD!
HORROR WAS THE APPETIZER—WHILE THE MAIN COURSE WAS DEATH!—AT THE BANQUET OF BLOOD!—AND THE ANGEL WAS A RESERVED GUEST!—

GREY FOG ROLLS IN OFF THE OCEAN — A YOUNG GIRL WALKS ALONG THE STREETS ...
THEN... A BAT-LIKE CREATURE DESCENDS FROM THE SKY!...
... AND GRABS THE GIRL!
HELP! HELP!
...SHE STRUGGLES FUTILELY, AS THE HORRIBLE CREATURE'S FANGS SEEK HER THROAT!
LET ME GO! SOMEBODY--HELP ME --- QUICK!
BLOOD!
OHHH!
BUT THE GIRL'S SCREAMS ARE HEARD! MEN, ARMED WITH MAKESHIFT CLUBS, RUN TO THE SCENE! STARTLED, AND MOMENTARILY CONFUSED, THE THING DROPS THE GIRL -----
GET IT!
KILL THE THING!

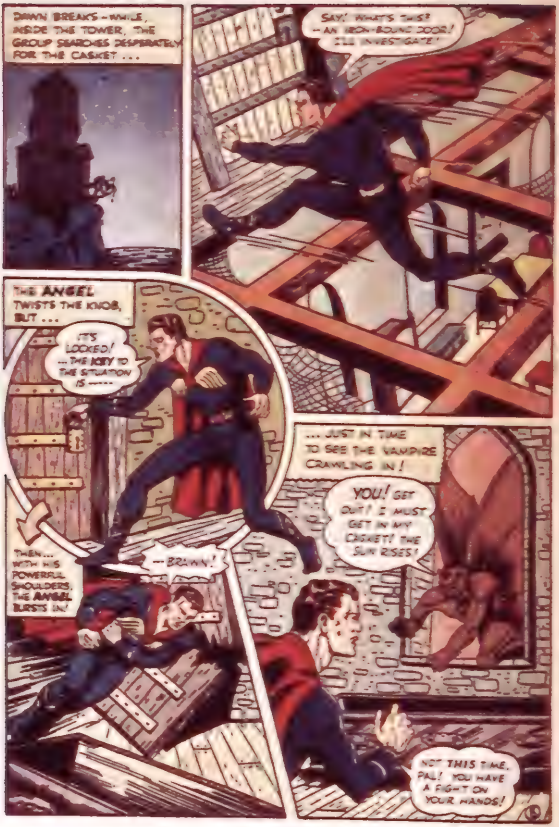
AND DON!
KILL IT!
HOLY SMOKE! A VAMPIRE!
BUT THE VAMPIRE PULLS FREE—AND FLAPS AWAY INTO THE IN-SIS!
I WILL KILL YOU ALL SOON! HA! HA-HA!
IT FLIES! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
WHAT A MESS THIS IS! HOW'S ANDRE TO KNOW?
LET'S GET HER INTO A HOUSE, JOE!
RIGHT! TAKE HER FEET!
AT THAT MOMENT... ENTERS THE ANGEL, THE GODDESS OF EVIL, MADE TO BATTLE THIS INSIDIOUS MENACE!
THERE IT IS, AND IT'S GOING FOR THAT OLD MAN!
THE CREATURE FLASHES DOWN! THE MAN FALLS! THE VAMPIRE'S FETID BREATH GROWS CLOBBER!
HGRRR!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM IN TIME!

LIKE A FLASH... THE ANGEL ATTACKS!
OWW-W!
WHAT? ... WHO? G-G-GOOD GRIEF!
YOU'RE PRETTY BRAVE AGAINST A CRUMPLED OLD MAN!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU CAN FIGHT THE ANGEL!
BUT THE VAMPIRE BRINGS UP HIS FISTS ...
YEOWW!
... AND LASHES OUT! THE ANGEL'S HEAD SLAMS INTO A POST, AND HE IS STILL!
AHHH! WE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DEATH!
THEN — THE GHASTLY CREATURE GRABS THE ANGEL AND FLAPS AWAY!

THE TOWER OF THE VAMPIRE! A GIANT SPIRE OF DRAB STONE! THE PAIR CIRCLE IT ONCE, THEN HEAD FOR AN OPENING ...
...AND ENTER!
NOW, MY FRIEND, YOU WILL JOIN THE OTHERS!
I FEAST AGAIN, TONIGHT! AND BLOOD WILL BE MINE!
DOWN STONE STEPS, THE VAMPIRE DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS ANGEL!
THERE--WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE HOUR--
HERE IS ANOTHER ONE! TREAT HIM WELL! HA-HA!
I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS!
YOU MONSTER!
THE ANGEL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
I SHALL DRAIN YOUR BLOOD FOR MY SUPPER! GOOD, NOT?
HOW? SMOKE?

... SMASHES IT INTO THE LAMP!
STOP! STOP! MY HOUSE WILL BURN DOWN!
RIGHT NOW I'M BURNING UP—AND SO—
WITH A TERRIFIC THRUST, THE ANGEL TIPS OVER THE TABLE!
KHA-?
OVER! GO!
THEN, FLEXING HIS MUSCLES, HE SNAPS THE ROPES THAT BIND HIM!
I'M GOING TO KNOCK YOU RIGHT OUT OF THOSE HOUSE!
YOU CAN NEVER GET ME WHILE THE SUN IS DOWN! HA-HA-HA!
WHILE THE SUN IS DOWN, BUT HUMAN!
BUT THE VAMPIRE DARTS FOR THE WINDOW, AND LEAPS TO FREEDOM!

THERE HE GOES, BUT I'VE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF HOW TO GET HIM!
THOSE MEN--I'LL HAVE TO FREE THEM FIRST!
TAKE IT EASY, OLD TIMER! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!
THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME!
TELL ME, WHAT HAS THAT CREATURE DONE TO YOU?
IT WAS TERRIBLE!
WELL FIX THAT! SOMEWHERE IN THIS BUILDING IS A CHARM! WE MUST FIND IT, FOR TO IT THE VAMPIRE RETURNS WHEN THE SUN COMES UP! GO AND SEARCH!
I'LL TAKE THE CELLAR!
EVERY NIGHT HE DRAINED OUR BLOOD AND DRANK IT FOR A MEAL! WE BECAME SO WEAK WE COULDN'T RISE!"
HE SURELY WILL!


DAWN BREAKS — WHILE, INSIDE THE TOWER, THE GROUP SEARCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE CASKET ...
SAY! WHAT'S THIS? — AN IRON-BOUND DOOR! I'LL INVESTIGATE!
THE ANGEL TWISTS THE KNOB, BUT ...
IT'S LOCKED! — THE KEY TO THE SITUATION IS —
... JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE VAMPIRE CRAWLING IN!
YOU! GET OUT! I MUST GET IN MY CASKET! THE SUN RISES!
THEN — WITH HIS POWERFUL SHOULDERS, THE ANGEL BURSTS IN!
— BRAWN!
NOT THIS TIME, PAL! YOU HAVE A FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS!

THE TWO SPAR FOR AN OPENING...
YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE THIS TIME!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
THEN THE VAMPIRE LEAPS!...
I KILL!
NOT YET, YOU DUNK! TRY AGAIN, SONNY!
HOW'S THAT? THERE'S MORE COMING UP!
UGGG!
KIND OF MEAN THINGS TO RUN INTO, AREN'T THEY?
STOP! LET ME GO! -- YOU --!
...AND HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR!
WHAT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
SUDDENLY... A STREAM OF BRIGHT SUNLIGHT ENVELOPS THE BODY OF THE VAMPIRE...

WHY... HIS FACE IS CHANGING!
SLOWLY--SLOWLY-- THE HORRIBLE COUNTENANCE OF THE WEIRD CREATURE CHANGES FORM --- UNTIL---
YOU--COUNT VICARD! THE MAD TYRANT! --BUT YOU'VE BEEN DEAD THREE HUNDRED YEARS!
AND--I--I-- DIE AGAIN-- AHHH-AAA!
QUICKLY, THE ANGEL THROWS THE BODY IN THE CASKET, POURS LAMP-OIL OVER IT, AND SETS IT AFLAME!
HE WILL FEAST NO MORE!
...AND THE EVIL SPIRIT DEPARTS ON LEATHERY BAT WINGS!
THE VAMPIRE IS DEAD! VICARD WAS ALWAYS FAMILIAR WITH BLACK MAGIC, BUT THIS TIME THERE IS NO RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!
AT LAST WE ARE FREE!
THE MEN GATHER THEIR CLOTHES AND ONCE AGAIN STEP OUT INTO THE CLEAN FRESH AIR...
THE ANGEL-- HE'S GONE!
NO! --LOOK!
...AND, AS THEY LEAVE, THEY SEE, SILHOUETTED AGAINST A CLOUD, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
THE ANGEL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

MARVEL
COMICS
THRILLS!
TIMELY COMICS
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION
Every month

AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
©T.
YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED KRAZY KOMICS! NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST FOR....
TERRY TOONS
COMICS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEE

Rest In Peace, Demented Furby

Your friends from DCP